



Room at the Top

by BILL CONNORS

"Believe it or not", but Frenchie, an intellectual of 4th floor main, invented a new type of folding door which changes the room into a new wigwam.

"Sweet Daddy" has discontinued cutting hair and has chosen knitting for his favorite hobby instead.

"Hats off to Doc Henry" for playing possum at the infirmary during the two days examinations were on.

A word of warning to Old Spain resorters. Keep a watchful eye on Vicky Cook's eating habits because she is on a diet.

Joe Power and John O'Conner think that Dalton Hall should be moved a little closer to Marian College. Both admit it's a little lonely living so far away from Lynn and Karon.

First Floor Dalton has need of a rehabilitation centre. A recent survey made by Alan Fung showed that out of 15 students there was one psychotic, three burglars, and one imposter hibernating on this floor.

Jim Lahiff always has a problem. Just recently he found a pint size ghost hiding in his light bulb.

Jerry J. and Dick M. are now spending their weekly allowance on two pretty brunettes named Sharon and Jeanne.

Posty is having his own problems. Just yesterday Lynn M.'s new hairdo took his attention completely away from mathematics.

Craig Furlong and Albert Julien are still on the missing list. One rumor indicates that both were deported to Eshasoni, for leading a protest march on Monday night.

Keep your heads up in buzzer hockey, fellows, Pete Goodwin is up from the minors and he's out to get everybody, even his own teammates. Andre Gelais, our Freshman Buzzer Coach, said that "Pete" is another Howie Young.

Bob Gallant intends to start a fund raising committee in order to raise enough money for Danny Murphy to buy a new "straight" razor.

Walter Bradley is soon going to publish a new book entitled, "How To Get Acquainted With A Co-ed... I guess the late Beverly Fate taught Walter how to make the proper approach.

Recently two girls became involved in a bitter argument at the Spain, and guess who the argument was about — Mr. America Himself, John Driscoll.

Who's A-Non Conformist?

By Allan Evelyn

Not so long ago, educators, philosophers, and social commentators were bemoaning the apathy of the younger generation. They called it the silent generation. Today, however, a complete reversal of form has occurred on most campuses, there is so much noise on campus one can hardly study. Throughout Canada and the United States, the students of various universities and colleges have been identifying themselves in activities and movements not generally associated with their respective schools. These various movements have, in fact, set a pattern of conformity among schools of higher education.

At St. Dunstan's, however, education prevails as the campus' primary activity. This may be attributed to several things. The enrolment of this university is very small. Secondly, there exists a notable conservative element, whether it be openly recognized or not; the major cause could very likely be a lack of issues.

The one sign of ACTION at St. Dunstan's this year occurred a short time ago when students vainly demonstrated in protest of

the M.I.H.L. decision to award the league's hockey championship to the University of New Brunswick.

There have been other, perhaps more important, issues where student unity and purposeful ideals could have been advantageously combined, and may yet coincide: for example, the matter of the requested grant of \$300,000.00 from the Provincial Government by school officials.

There is a need for some type of constructive activity on every campus, rash conservatism or no. There is no organized ACTION group on this campus. There is too much "dead wood" among the members of the student body. There is no question. The individual student accepts what is laid out for him. He has no desire to "go against the grain", even if the grain is hurting him. He is unwilling to articulate his beliefs. He does not think. He does not understand. He does not act.

Our relaxed campus life has recently featured a "Look Ma, no candidates", election with only one of four offices contested. All it takes is one student to start the ball rolling on a controversial issue with a peaceful boycott, or maybe even a quiet "sit-in". We would not, however, want to be "rebels without a cause", instead, we should be ready when the proper situation arises.

Splintered Heart

"You think you can play our game, Jewboy? Go ahead. Show your stuff and bring 'em back to old Zakem's Warehouse down on Bridge Street," encouraged the gang leader.

A Jew in the gang? No one was very keen on the whole business and they did not hesitate in letting Benny know what they thought of punky Jews. Nevertheless, they agreed that there was little to lose, and the wheel of the gang smiled as he concluded, "Tonight's OK with us. We'll be waitin'."

Thirteen year old Benny swelled at the thought of getting a chance to prove himself to the Main and Bridge Street gang. He appeared oblivious to the snide remarks thrown at him. He had heard them many times before, but his skin could not harden enough to take some of the cutting comments. Although he did not live in Saint John's "Indian Town", he was well aware of the wild times that the gang around there was enjoying this summer. Every night he had been sitting around doing nothing. Evidently, the north end guys in "Indian Town" were not suffering from the lack of laughs and a few kicks. They set a price for joining their gang, but I'm going to get "in", even if it breaks me, Benny assured himself.

Unlike many of the boring evening this summer. Every night he night was very high. It was muggy. The Jewish boy nervously slipped out of his moderately comfortable home on Victoria Street, and, as his luck would have it, met Patterson doing the beat.

"Too hot for much moving around tonight, Benjie boy. What's up with you? The usual," asked the friendly cop?

"Yah, the usual," replied Benny as cold sweat rolled down his back. "Well, we'll see you later," ended Benny's shollow voice, as he turned to leave.

Casually Patterson strolled along his way, but Benny was not so relaxed. First, he trotted. Then he slowed down—even stopped a few times. He would hesitate, then shrug his shoulders and kick good-sized stones like the guys in the gang kicked punks in alleys in "Indian Town". The meeting with Patterson weighed heavily on him.

Wish Patterson and Dad were not such good friends. The Bridge and Main gang say he's sneaky and crooked—just like any other cop. But he seems like a good head at the house. Benny was proceeding along in deep thought. I hope there's no one around there. Joey's seems so damned close to home. In fact, it's about half way between our house and Zakem's. But it's the only place I know that I can break into. He closes at six and no one should be around. There it is — Joey's.

As he slid into the shadow of the grey brick building across the street from the tobacco shop, what earlier had seemed to be an exciting proposition now seemed to freeze Benny. For some time his filmy eyes were glued to the sick shop before him. His mind was muddled with jumbled thoughts.

Lucky there's nobody around. Boy, the fellas around home would be surprised to see what old Benjie boy is up to. Judas, I wish there was no street lamp in front of Joey's. They kept reminding me, "Don't sweat nothin' — just get the smokes." Might have been easier to buy the damned smokes. Weeds. Uhh! They make me sick. Can't stomach them at all. Smokes. What if I ever get caught? Don't think it, Benny boy, just don't think it. "Don't sweat the small stuff," the gang had chuckled. These guys were great to give me a chance to prove myself, but just what will I prove? They scorned me at first. "A Jew," one guy sneered. One fella spat on the ground in front of me. They think I'm a punk. I'll show them!

This is scarrier than I ever thought it would be. I bet none of my old pals could ever do this. Those fellas wouldn't do anything anywhere anytime. They do nothing! It's hot. So close. Balmy. I spent too many of these nights sittin' around doin' nothin'. If I can get in with the gang, I've got 'er made. Smokes for a month. What if someone hears me? This is crazy. It is worth the chance? I can do it. I have to. I'm not quittin' now.

Benny had been standing in the shadow of a damp, gloomy alley opposite Joey's for a long time. He remained their much longer than one would expect of a delinquent going after a free month's supply of cigarettes.

"It's awful muggy these nights," he muttered, as he became aware that his black T shirt was sopping wet. It was warm, but Benny was freezing. He was ready.

Here goes. It sounds so loud when you run across a street alone. Seems like a mile away. Listen! Judas, is anyone coming? Damn it! That foolish street light is so bright. Not a shadow but mine. The noise will attract someone. It'd be my luck that someone'll be nosin' out some crazy window up there.

Almost rigid, sweating, heart thumping madly, ears burning, he clenched his fist.

I have to do it! The crash shrilled his ears and the crunch of broken glass splintered his heart as he dashed into the shop. Panic stricken, he ran wildly around the store knocking things over in the dark. His head was reeling in excitement.

It's so blasted confusing searching in the night. Judas Priest, where are those hellish things? Before he closed, Joey really covered everything well. Shouldn't be doing this to Joey—think, Benny. Where did he keep the cigarettes? Every little noise sounds so loud. Think! Down there.

Benny frantically grouped down below the counter and found the cigarette cartons.

Plenty here for the guys. Damn it! How time flies Patterson is on the beat. Did he hear the crash? I'm frozen. I'm goin' to be caught. No, I can't get caught. I've got to get out of here.

Grabbing the smokes, the boy storend out of Joey's into the heavy, wet, mucky wall of the August night air. Now he ran through "Indian Town", clearing hedges and fences as he never could before. It was over, but Benny was electrified by what he had just done. Through black alleys, into the blinding street lights of Main Street, and again into backyards, Benny fled to Bridge Street and Zakem's to the gang and to his first glory. He had proved something.

Life can be exciting. I'm in. I'm with it.

The stench of the thick summer air seeped into a heart tonight, but also a light winked a single ray to a small mind. Benny breathlessly handed over the weeds to a laughing, scornful mob in Zakem's. His ears were drumming with the sneers, chuckles, and searing remarks. The worst one, however, darted into his ear and twisted in and around and down to his heart.

"Jewboy, go back home. You play your game. We'll play ours."

JOHN DUNPHY,

The Election at S.D.U.

"What elections?" As defined in Webster's Dictionary, the word election means "the act of choosing by vote a person to fill an office". Concerning the elections here at S.D.U., why don't we students have a vote for the election of President, Treasurer, and Secretary? The simple truth is that nobody is willing to accept the responsibilities that accompany an election campaign.

Many students complain about things of this nature. Who is to blame? The students themselves, of course. These students put in office by acclamation cannot feel that they have the majority of the university behind them. Would this have any effect on whether a good or bad job is to be done?

Naturally, Gerry Fitzgerald, Muriel St. John, Don Callaghan, Dave Morton, Jim Griffith, and Wes MacAleer should be congratulated for their interest and effort in trying to help the university. But, are these six people the only ones to whom the university means anything?

What about our coeds at S.D.U.? Where is the ambition and interest in the university that we like to think they have? Only one out of some thirty demonstrated the spirit that we naturally want all the coeds to show. Where are the coeds when it comes to election time?

Many instances have arisen in the past few days that show us numerous students have not even heard of the elections. Again comes the statement, "What elections?" Perhaps the answer to this is than many of us are too lazy and lack the spirit to be bothered publicizing or pushing the elections.

The workers at S.D.U. and there are many, should strive to combat this obvious indifference so that when elections are mentioned, one will be able to answer: "The big elections at S.D.U., of course".

VICKI COOKE

The Unpredictable Biology 1 Exams

Final Exam Biology I
May 13, 1964

1) Divide your paper into seven columns, each being approximately .24" in thickness. Number them each with the first seven letters of the Greek alphabet. In column 2 place the 206 bones. Use the other six columns for scratch work.

2) Place the 15 Phyla in a single wing slot-back "T" formation. Using the Arthropoda as half-back, produce an round end run. (I expect to see excellent blocking by the Coelenterates.)

3) Fill in the sentences on the following blanks.

4) In 300 words explain the significances of blue chalk in the laboratory.

5) Is it true that "Blue babies" are born only to people in High Society?

6) The initials O.J.I. at the bottom of each drawing in your Biology book stands for?

7) Prove that you have a "lot to live for" if you haven't seen a cow milked or a tailor sew.

Engineer's Ball

Bernard Malone, Chairman of the Social Committee, announces that the Engineers will be holding their annual ball on April 4th, details will be posted later. Mr. Malone also stated that the deadline for the "School Song Contest is April 5th. All entries must be in by then.

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